me some trouble. They would not givQ;me?
any knives not even a blunt one, for slicing the
leaves, as they thought that I was a **very**
dangerous man, not fit to be trusted with any
dangerous tools. What was I to do) How
was I to slice my leaves, though leaves there
were in plenty? But I roust do that, at any
cost, and learn the art, to be sure, 1 tapped
my head again for a solution and very soon
seemed to find a way out. There were plenty
of broken glass-pieces, stuck to the wall-tops,
all around; these would serve my purpose, I
thought, and I gave to this ingenious device a
trial as soon as possible. 1 picked up pieces
of brick and stones from the ground and began
hitting at those glass pieces. I chose out of the
pieces that fell those which could be used as a
substitute for knife, i.e. those having a very sharp
cutting edge. With those for my implements,
I began to try my game. Very soon I succeeded
in slicing the leaves very fine, with the help of
those very sharp-edged glass pieces and started

weaving a finer kind of mat, only as a preli-
minary training and before attempting more
complicated textures and fineries. After having
finished my usual task for the day, 1 would